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IN DREAM

ADA M.
KASSIMER

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IN DREAM

BY
ADA M. KASSIMER

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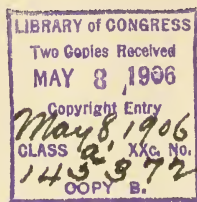
THE GORHAM PRESS

BOSTON

1906

M. J. SCHWEITZER N.Y.

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PS 3521
A 58 I 5
1906

*Printed at
The Gorham Press,
Boston, U. S. A.*

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I
DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK
TO
MY FRIEND,
WINIFRED M. CRAWFORD.

Come, give thy hand
And go with me
Across the land,
Across the sea,
Up, upward past all things terrene —
Thy Lord I'll be and thee my Queen.

Here's Fancy's Bridge
That spans the stream.
Look toward the ridge!
The Land of Dream!
Ah, how the worries fall away
When we have reached the Land of Lay.

(Wilt cross the stream
With me IN DREAM?)

TO ERATO:

Lead me to thy sea!
Evoke the songs that lie
Prisoned in thy pink shells
That I may tune my lyre
To their sweet cadence for my love.

IN DREAM

I

The wind blew snow and sadness in his face,
As wearily the homeward path he trod;
His back was tired from the toiler's rod,
His brow was frowning and a heavy trace
Of sternness wrapped him 'round, and yet, a
 grace
Of woman's tenderness spoke in each nod
With which he greeted men as on he plod;
Then at his door he lingered for a space:

“ 'Tis home and yet no light of cheer doth shine,
None waits within with merry, welcome eyes,
No woman's voice, no laughing children's
 tone,
No succor for a weary heart is mine!
I am as much at home beneath these skies
As here within, — alas, I am alone!”

II

A pipe hung idly in his tired hand
And rocked he to and fro into the night;
He gazed into the open fire's light
And yet his thoughts were in the Shadow Land.

Back there a sunburned laddie dug the sand
And sea-mews caught his laughter in their
flight

And sky stooped down to kiss his eyes so
bright

And life was playtime's hours — the world, the
strand.

And then he saw a laddie larger grown
Quick at his task of learning, eager bound
To cope with wisdom and to man his soul
For life's brisk battle, and a manhood own
That should a vict'ry gain that none had found,
That should walk proudly, kingly to the goal.

III

All through his revery there danced a face,
A golden head and dimpled hands, and eyes
That gleamed with laughter like the summer
skies, —

Then grew they proud, and shyness, sweetness,
grace

Draped 'round her form and childhood did
efface.

Yet nearer, sweeter, dearer did arise

A woman's face that seemed to wear dis-
guise —

The eyes spoke love yet lips bore not a trace . .

A blast of wind broke fiercely on the pane,

Then shrieked around the house as though in
quest

Of some frail object to appease its wrath ;

Off with a moan and swiftly down the lane

Abearing like a demon that dream-guest,

Then back again to glean the aftermath.

IV

But lo, the host in quiet slumber lay
And heard not wind nor felt the fire's glow.
A stranger dream, and yet more soft and low,
More sweet, more real, so happily did play
A soothing lullaby from off some bay
Where summer murmured in the water's flow,
Where Joy and Laughter in a skiff did row
And ships of Plenty anchored in the quay.

The night grew still, the snow came gently down
And lay a whitened silence over all;
The peaceful breathing of the resting one,
The embers flick'ring bright then burning down,
The patient clock that hung upon the wall,
Kept watch and faithful till the dream was done.

V

The sun shone dazzling on the crispy snow,
 The wind raced wildly with a hungry cry,
 The toiler hurried onward ; with a sigh
 He thought how swift the dreams did come and
 go.

But at his task that day a voice breathed low
 And quick a flash of light crept in his eyes ;
 A door was closed ; ambition bid him rise ;
 His tools he firmly grasped,— the dream must
 go.

Another year did find a laurel wreath
 Upon his head ; his face was calm and youth
 Came back to claim his form. At last
 Around his secret flow'r had grown a sheath
 And worldly eyes that mocked, now saw a truth.
 (The noblest work is born from passion's past.)

VI

Alone a woman walks through moonlit fields;
A plaintive melody, though sweet, doth fill
The night and echoes through her heart-strings
thrill

Recalling half-forgotten dreams; she yields
To some lost feeling 'gainst her thought and
will:

Back to a dream-shore, where a taunting rill,
A face! . . . and naught the husband, baby
shields,

Who wait with loving eyes across the fields —

A whip-poor-will cried sadly to its mate,
A sigh effused, a kiss went to the skies,
Dismissing wayward thoughts, she reached the
door.

A trusting love, the choicest gift of Fate,
Was here for her, a pair of baby eyes,
God's seal of love. (Should dreams come ever-
more?)

VII

What pow'r have we to stop the river's flow,
Or blast the bloom of Nature's wildwood flow'rs,
Or still the songs of birds, cease April show'rs,
Or bid the wind be still or bid it blow?
What pow'r have we to quell the passion's glow,
Or kill the pain that rises from its death,
Or silence sighs, or stifle with a breath
A love born pure? — Receive, endure is all we
know!

And dreams are blossoms born in Shadow Lands,
Their perfume, like a wine, elates the mind;
Much anguish do they bring but joys redeem
The pain when to our lips do press ghost-hands
These flow'rs; then grief is sweet and tears are
kind.
Dear Dreams! What pow'r have we to will in
dream?

When Fair Daphne
With Southern smiles
Presents her amethysts and emeralds,
I shall send them in the casket
Of my love to thee!

THE DARK

The Dark wears a mystery-mantle
As she passes along the sky —
A secret she holds in her bosom
For the forests do echo her sigh.

She gathers the worldly sorrows
And she loads them into her pack,
But the morning seems restless without them,
She is bidden to give them all back.

Perhaps she is sad like the mother
Who holds to her breast through the night
The child that is tired and sleepy
But lets it go free with the light.

Perhaps she doth hear the yearning,
The calling that lips never tell,
That souls pour forth in the darkness —
She soothes but she never can quell.

She would not be like her sister,
That silent and world-dreaded Death,
She would not grasp from the living
Forever and ever the breath

That sobs like a lost wind from heaven
Then flutters with childish delight,
She would take all the moaning and crying
Could she bear them for ere in her flight.

And so with her unfinished mission,
Like the tide-waves that ebb and flow,
She follows the train of the evening
And she dies with the morning glow.

MY DREAMLAND FLOWER

Love did lead me through his Dreamland
Where a music sweet and low
Murmured in the trembling tree-tops,
Echoed in the river's flow,
In a dell of Springtime's flowers
Where a fragrance thrilled me through
And he pointed to Life's garlands
And I chose and gathered you.

(The bards of old have sung thee sweet re-
frains —
Some songs for gladness, some for sorrow's
pains —
And all have chosen finer words and thought
Is woven 'round with dainty garlands brought
From some dream-shore and yet they have not
told
The secret of my heart — that they withhold.)

VEGA

I know thy light!
Thou diamond of the night!
Thy fingers tremble on thy Harp,
My spirit yearns for flight.

I long to be
Wrapped in thy melody,
To wing past moon and silver clouds
Far toward the North to thee.

Fair Alpha, Queen,
Thou leader, sweet, serene,
Of Lyra's heavenly minstrelsy,
Thou know'st me not, I ween.

My lowly song
Ne'er reachèd to thy throng,
Yet love can soar beyond the stars
For I to thee belong.

What tender rest
Doth fill my sighing breast
When nightly I behold thy light!
Ah, Vega, thou hast blest.

THE BIRTH OF TULIPS

Spring poured her nectar in a chalice grand
And bade the wind to fold it in his arms
And bear it onward to some Northern clime.

But lo, he found a garden in a sunny land
Where kneeled a pensive damsel and her
charms

Did lure him from his path ; the gift sublime
He threw aside, nor thought of Spring's desire ;
Then through the grass sprang red and yellow
fire.

A DAY AGONE

I did not know then what you'd be to me —
The light of morning and the glow of eve—
What gold throughout my life you'd interweave.
I gave my hand not carelessly but free,
My heart told not the joy that was to be.
The first glad moments seemed but short re-
prieve,

The last sweet breath, ere I should sink to grieve
Forever in some deep, indomitable sea.
But you have come alike the glory after strife,
The freedom after long captivity —
A new-born guest within my heart doth teem
With wondrous music that doth flood my life:
You are the true dawn of my day to be,
The sweet reality of Elysian dream.

(A song is not a song without you, dear,
It is a threnody, a cruel wail,
A sobbing pain of some lost nightingale —
A poem singing joy brings but a tear —
All Art is lacking when you are not near.
I tramp in search of peace o'er hill, down dale
And nature o'er her beauties throws a veil —
I seem a spirit of another sphere —
My soul is there with you, my body here.

Yet, I have what is sweeter than a lay,
Yes, greater than all poetry and art —
All Nature does not with its sweetness teem —
I have the thought of you by night, by day
That nestles close and warms my saddened
heart
And leads me from the world to you in dream.)

I AM GLAD OF LIFE!

I am glad of life! I am glad of life because I have found the work that I love and that I am not distressed when my hands must do other work than that which I love.

I am glad of life because I have been given a pair of eyes that can behold the beauties of Nature: the waving plumage of the ripened corn, the restless white caps on an unsteady sea, the blue distance that is more eloquent than the bards, the companionable grass with hosts of sweet-faced flowers, the trees that are sometimes more sheltering than my quiet room, the still lakes that reflect the beauty-world without as the eyes reflect the beauty-world within, the floating clouds by day and the stars by night, and the glories of the sinking sun.

I am glad of life because I have been given ears that can hear the music of the world: running streams and rushing rivers and mighty roaring oceans, twitterings of birds and callings of wild beasts, gentle zephyrs and wailing winds, the laughter of joy and the sobbing of pain, and the voices of those I love.

I am glad of life because I can be near men and women ; because I can share with them what happiness I have.

I am glad of life because there are some who love me.

I am glad of life because I can love.

I am glad of life because I feel it is the highway which leads to the Eternal City : there are hills to climb but there are dales in which to lie down ; there are rivers to cross but the Ferryman speaks kindly ; there are barren lands but my thirsty lips find somewhere an oasis ; when the journey seems long, I meet a patient traveler ; when the night comes I can lie down and see the stars ; and ever along with me goes a silent, unseen spirit whose presence is the rest for the toil, the succor for the pain, the music for the harsh words, the happiness for the misery, the gentleness for the cruelty, the love for the hate.

I am glad of life because it was God's Will that I should live.

I am glad of life !

List, at her lips there's a sighing,
Eyes lit with fire undying,
Breasts with emotion are heaving,
Fingers their task idle leaving —
Look, — ah, the ears hears a ringing —
A song is the zephyr abringing?
— 'Tis the sound of a foot-step a-falling,
'Tis the music of love that is calling;
A lad through the lane comes a-humming
Come, Stranger Eyes! — Are you coming?

(I cannot write a poem, dear,
That tells all I would say —
A poet's words I cannot sing,
But I can love alway.

I cannot string a melody,
I know no harpist's way —
My clumsy fingers know no art,
But I can love alway.

My lips can press a kiss, dear one,
My eyes can cast a ray
Of tenderness, — my heart can tell
A loves that lives alway.)

THE GOLDEN RIVER

That river doth lead us to Fair Fancy's Isle,
To glorious Dreamland, to Once-in-a-while,
Where life is a vague, half-forgotten tale
That sobbed in our ears like a passing gale ;
And into the land once where kisses its gold,
Our dreams are reality, visions unfold,
And lo, we are crownèd ! With palms in our hand
We march to our throne, we conquer the land.

WHITE VIOLET

Sun-down's redness through the wood
Lingered for a space —
Then the evening grayness veiled
Every beauty trace.

Black the night hung heavily —
Trees were phantoms, tall,
Then came silver-wingèd light
From a mystic ball.

Black and silver interlaced
Through the trembling trees
Kissed a white-faced Violet —
Perfume kissed the breeze.

Walked I through the busy streets —
Dim my eyes and wet,
Then a zephyr soothed my cheek —
Sweet White Violet!

CONTRAST

Her eyes were full of laughter, joy and fun,
And mirth in sun-lit glances quick did run
Across her face, and gleamed such smiles
Of happiness, complete, of heavenly whiles! - - -
Dark eyes that looked afar in Sorrow's Vale
And sadness welled a deep and aching tale
And pain did sit upon the lips, the cheek —
The wistful dreamer still the dream did seek.

THE PROOF

The proof of Love lies in his eyes —
Unveilèd regions of the soul —
Nor joy, nor pain does he disguise,
He gives the black, the white, the whole.

The proof of Love lies in his voice —
The Fair Euterpe's instrument —
Echoes and chords, he makes no choice —
Marvelous music, resonant!

But greatest of the proofs when he
Lost from his love and in despair,
Does bless his sorrow, misery,
In silence asks no better fare.

THE WOOD NYMPH

There is a list'ning ear
Awaits a voice to hear
At early morn and through the sunlit hours,
At glowing evening's tide,
When night spreads far and wide, —
Awaits a voice, in hearts of woodland flow'rs.

There is a voice that calls
From out the water-falls;
Wind-rustled leaves and golden-throated birds,
And lisping, swaying grass
Aerial songs amass,
That lure, beseech with strangely unknown
words.

There is a hand that becks
And woodland's deep it flecks
With gorgeous greens and russet-burning
browns,
With cold and solemn grays,
With whitest, shimm'ring maze, —
Ah, dresses all in multicoloured gowns.

There is a heart that glows
And bosoms sweet repose
But placid, clear-eyed lakes reveal its soul,
And quick its love doth speak
To all who would it seek,
And gives its beauties, one by one, the whole.

O Goddess of the Wood,
Who none have yet withstood,
Who steals all hearts and fascinates all eyes,
I helpless walk a-dream
And seek thy vision's gleam
That near me shines, then dots the starry skies!

UNITED

Through all the days and nights we knew not one
another

Our souls were treading side by side ;
And what one gleaned and kept that gleaned and
kept the other
For unknown hands across the wide.

Each culled some blossom'ing joy, each culled
some prickly sorrow ;

Each rose a victor from the strife ;
Each knew a cloudy day would bring a bright to-
morrow ;
Each longed for each, — a perfect life.

A prayer, a tear, a half-forgotten hope, a listless
going,

And then a firm resolve to gain
Broke through each soul alike unchained waters
flowing
And hand met hand and all was plain.

What though the storm-waves hiss, what though
the wind is shrieking,

What though the ship has lost her way,
Soul stands by soul, lips sweeten lips, silence is
speaking
Above the gale, "Love finds its way."

THE LOTUS

Sleep is thy perfume, Lotus Flower,
Rest lies within thy petal's fold ;
Night is a long, sweet, shadow hour
When thou giv'st forth thy precious gold.

Death is so like thee, Lotus Flower —
A sleep, a rest it too doth hold,
Its night is one eternal hour,
But is it sweet, ah, who has told?

Like thee, does it forgetting bring
And drops the worldly as a sigh?
And through our dreams does music ring,
And are we but Lotophagi?

VENUS

In faith, she hath rechristened me,
In name, in nature, poise of head,
Glance of eye, lips, breath and all.
Where weakling was, where crying ugly babe
Drank bitter food from out its mother's breast,
Where hideous panther sprang upon its prey
Devoured all and spurned the blood-drops
On the ground, where wolfe stole innocence
And bit it through and flung it to the winds,
Where youth drank passion, as a wine, to flate
His low desires to insult a saint,
Where brawny arms and haired with beastly look
Caught lovely maiden in their iron hold, —
Where once a hell-embodied monster stood,
There stands a man, a prince, a king
Of tenderness, of purity, of grace,
All passion dead and buried deep in earth
And on the mound a saintly flower growing,
No thought save innocence, no low desire,
No flame shoots from the eye save
Melted loveliness, and hands that were as tremb-
ling reeds

That bend above a stream, lips murmur words
That angels well might hear, arms
Flinging forth their strength in tenderness,
And eyes that gather naught but purity, —
The god of Love reborn in soul of man:
That am I now since she hath looked on me.

MY SHIP

I know there's a ship that is sailing for me
Somewhere on a far-off sea,
Though prairies and hills lie sullen between,
I shall see its sails, I ween;
For a star leads it and that star leads me,
I to the shore, my ship from the sea:
No fate can bar my way,
No wind my ship can stray,
For the ship that sails for me
Is sailing now to me.
Though eyes are blind and ears are dull,
I see the sails, and, in the lull
Of life's sweet eventide,
I hear a song across the wide,
A song from my ship to me.
Go on, My Heart, sail valiant, Ship,
But one more mile, but one more dip,
And we shall have our own,
And we shall have our own.

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

What are you like?
My Sweet Morning Glory?
They are your eyes,
But they tell not the story;
Their radiant light is but dew of the morning,
Yours is the light my life is adorning.

What are you like?
My Full Summer Rose?
They are your lips but never one knows
The sweet of your breath, the charm of your
speaking, —
No wind ever knows the flush of my seeking.

What are you like?
My Dear Valley Lily?
A hyacinth, tulip,
A daffadowndilly?
You're not like a flower, and yet are a flower,
More fragrant and dear, more lasting and near,
Than all of the flowers ablowng,
Then all that our God will be sowing.

LOVE'S INGLE SIDE

Come sit beside Love, lassie,
When wind is tossing wide
The snowflakes in his anger, —
Come to Love's Ingle Side!

Come sit beside Love, lassie,
When wind does moan and ride
Through wood and glen and prairie, —
Come to Love's Ingle Side!

Come, Love shall sing a song, dear,
Whose sweetness will abide
Forever in your heart, dear,
Come to Love's Ingle Side!

The moaning and the shrieking,
The wailing will subside,
And you will know the rest, dear,
Peace, by Love's Ingle Side.

Then through the casement look, dear,
The night, white as a bride,
Is decked with stars, calm beauty, —
The moon has glorified.

Come sit beside Love, lassie,
Your hands within his hide,
Your head rest on his bosom,
Your home, Love's Ingle Side.

EMOTION

O that my body were a trembling lyre
Whereon my soul could string its strains of fire,
Enkindling trees, aburning fast the bars,
Lap to the skies and ride the silver stars,
On, onward through the night with ravage
fraught
Until the earth is bare and heaven is naught
And, when the strain, that were more fire than
sound,
Fills every space and fiercely quakes the ground,
When all the crime is done and God doth frown,
I'd jeer my Fate and mangle Mercy's crown,
If, to repent my deeds, I'd lose one sight
Of all the glorious burnings of my flight.

AGONE AND NOW

I lived in a castle in olden days
Where knights lead their ladies through golden
ways,
Where day was a smile of a lovely maid,
Where night was an evening of tinted shade,
Where air was a perfume of melted bliss,
Where life was as sweet as a long, long kiss.

I lived in a cottage for down the vale
Where life wore a visage then wan and pale,
Where wind shrieked a story of cold and pain,
Where called a sad voice from the dripping rain,
Where day was an hour of cloudless gleam,
Where night was a long, oh, a restless dream.

I live in a garden where Youth might pass
Delighting his eyes with my queenly lass,
Where Age, hope abandoned, might rest and
smile,
Where life is a long, a sweet, quiet while,
Where dreaming is day-time and dreaming is
night, —
I live in the Garden of Love's Delight.

Ah, Life is a mantle of fibers gold
When she beckons the eyes of Youth to behold,
And life is a worn and a faded thing
That covers Old Age with a careless fling;
But Love, ah, dear Love, is a gift for ere,
It reaches the worn, it reaches the fair,
It dances with Youth, it solaces Age,
It stifles a sigh and it calms a rage,
A-laughing at Life with her threat'ning look
And Death it never records in its book:
Yes, Love is a knowing, a free-willed bliss,
Atelling its story, ah, kiss by kiss.

This song to the dreams that I dreamed of old,
This song to the tale that was left untold,
This song to my white eglantine, my rue,
This song to my lass, to my DREAM-COME-TRUE.

(If you had gone away, my dear,
Ere life had grown so fair,
And Sorrow's eyes had seen my tear,
Could I have borne the care?
If you had gone away?

If you should go away, my dear,
And leave this dream a sleep,
A galling agony, a fear,
More awful than Death's deep,
If you should go away, —

Ah, love, you cannot go away,
I hold too close your heart,
'Tis woven in my own to stay
And never will depart.
 You cannot go away.)

I send a withered wreath to crown thee queen,
When thou should'st have a diadem to wear
As radiant with beauty as thy hair.

 These perished blossoms and this shriveled
 green

 Once bowed in worship to some water's sheen
 And perfume lifted to the sky as prayer.

 O'erjoyed I culled them thinking they would
 bear

 A sweeter message than all else terrene.

Ah, long I pressed them to my lips, my breast, —
I thought my passion and their souls to blend,
But ere I taught my heart its love to wean,
The flow'rs were dead and I was sad, dis-
tressed —

So thus, dear heart, I have but love to send,
I have but withered flow'rs to crown thee queen.

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